

Falsehood Always Ignoble

William Henry Hudson

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living spring beside the road that in the years past has quenched the thirst of many a man, woman and beast. The writer has lain down "belly buster" many times to drink of the water and he has filled the radiator of an old jalopy there.

Having crossed the Nevada desert many times by modern methods, one has only to read of trips across that desert in old times to appreciate what it was like astride a mule and alone. It was a great risk of life, either by loss of sense of direction or being deprived of water and food. Today it is the largest expanse of apparent nothing that one will ever be privileged to see. Mountains, sage brush, Joshua trees and giant cacti abound, but little active life. Even the tiny woodpeckers have a test of endurance to survive. They rear and brood their young in holes pecked in the giant cacti and feed on millers and bugs. Ever and anon, at this late date, skeletons of human beings are found, that long have remained in position of the time of death. No vestigial evidence now exists that they ever wore clothing, save for buttons. The skeletons of soldiers and settlers, with their conestoga wagons, who lost their lives in the north part of the state in the early sixties, are here found.

The handcart brigade pulled out in the face of a coming winter. An artist portrays the motley sight with a pen sketch. In single file with children atop the load, the wife pushing, the father or son pulling; the scene is a panorama, with a topography of rolling land. Far to the west, is the pale outline of the horizon and to the rear a dim shadow of fading memories. Today only a few of the handcarts exist in Salt Lake City and the intrinsic value now is very great. None can be purchased.

Falsehood Always Ignoble

When I meet falsehood, I care not how great the person proclaiming it, I do not try to like it, or believe it, or mimic the fashionable prattle of the world about it.—William Henry Hudson.

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